

WARREN  
Special Edition

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The  
Official  
Authorized  
Magazine of  
J.R.R.  
Tolkien's  
Classic  
Fantasy  
Epic

# The Lord of the Rings

with  
120  
Full Color  
Illustrations  
from the  
Exciting  
Motion  
Picture!



COLLECTOR'S  
EDITION



In the Beginning, God made the World.

Later, men made Gods.

By the time of the Middle Ages, the world was rife with legends. Atlantis, the Golden Island of Super Science, had sunk beneath the sea; Mu, submerged; Lemuria (Gondwanaland) lost, gone with the wind.

How rich the past! Because of the wordsmiths' myths, the fanciful fables of Beowulf and Siegfried, of St. George the Dragon-Slayer and villain-killer Jirel of Jolry, of the prehistoric perils of the land that time forgot at the Earth's core—Pellucidar, of Cija of Atlantis and Conan of Cimmeria, of Arabian Nights and de Campian days, of vampire Count Dracula and mermerle monster Frankenstein, of Martian Chronicles and the Twilight Zone...and what a cavalcade of supernatural creatures has gestated from the idls and psyches that have quaffed from the Well of Imagination!

Basilisk and sphinx, phoenix and centaur, cyclops and harpy, medusa and minotaur, gargoyles, gorgons, gryphons...

And from ensorcelled pens of prose-poets we learned of women of supernal beauty—enchantresses, goddesses—such as She Who Must Be Obeyed, Norhala, Yralla, the Snake Mother, the Mings Maids, Sushu, Aladoree, and Wack Margot of Urbs.

All these wondrous visions were known before. Before the inspired vision of J.R.R. Tolkien, whose birthplace could be nowhere other than Middle-earth, for he described that enchanted land not as fantasy but history. And now this epic odyssey has been magically transformed into film for all to see and hear. From Middle-earth to modern screen are transported those dwarfish furry-footed halflings, the Hobbits...the saddle, militaristic, cannibalistic fanged furies, the Orcs...Sauron the Aghominable, now werewolf, now vampire...Elrond half-siven...Gandalf the Grey, mighty wizard of the Istari...the frolicsome hobbits Bilbo and Frodo Baggins and Samwise Gamgee...the Nazgûl—the Ring Wraiths—the Black Riders...the Noldorin princess Galadriel, "Lady of Light"...and places darker than night and forces weirder than nightmare—all these men, monsters and maidens abound in this film of boundless imagination, recreated here in words of wizardry from a three-time Hugo winner (twice International) plus fascinating multicolor imagery in—

This Legend for Our Time:

**The Lord of the Rings**

2elt18biep003ejeellca's

# Realm of the Ring

a legend for our time!



J.R.R. Tolkien's realm of the ring is a beautiful, sinister, multi-faceted world of imagination.



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warren  
special edition

J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S

# The Lord of the Rings™

A FANTASY FILM

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# Warriors of the Ring

## The Cast of Characters of Lord of the Rings



**gandalf  
the grey**

First made his appearance in Middle-earth circa Year 1000 of the Third Age.

Known as Gandalf the Grey, this greybearded magician with the wizard's pointed cap, is the second most powerful individual in the Order of Istari, a small group of beings of supernatural powers sent to Middle-earth around the eleventh century of the Third Age to aid the Free Peoples in their struggle against Sauron the Abominable, the Dark Lord of Mordor and master of the terrible tower of Barad-Dûr.

Gandalf figures prominently in the Council of Elrond since he is the only one acquainted with the complete history of the Ring.



**bilbo  
baggins**

A Hobbit.

Born, by Middle-earth reckoning, in the year 2800 of the Third Age.

At the age of 51, he was influenced by Gandalf to become a thief, whereupon he ventured to Rivendell and other distant places, in the course of his travels stealing the One Ring.

Thereafter he returned to Bag End where, in his home in Hobbiton, he settled down for 60 years.

He is a cousin of Frodo Baggins, whom he adopted upon the death of Frodo's parents.

A life-long bachelor, he is destined to live to a ripe old age; in fact, setting a record for longevity among Hobbits, not expiring until his 131st year.



**frodo  
baggins**

Hobbit.

Born 2969 in the Third Age. A.k.a. Mr. Underhill when, at the age of 50, he leaves the Shire.

Frodo, as all Hobbits, is about half the height of a man.

The only son of Drogo Baggins and Primula Brandybuck, he exhibits a sunny disposition and a carefree nature. While he would not willingly seek the role of hero, destiny places the honor upon his small shoulders.

Friend of Elves, and of Aragorn, he is born along on a path of adventure which carries him inexorably toward Mount Doom.

From Bilbo Baggins he inherits the One Ring.



**aragorn**

Son of Arathorn.

Born 2991 in the Third Age. Raised in Rivendell for twenty years by Elrond. During this time he is known as Estel.

When he reaches manhood, Elrond tells him of his true ancestry, and Aragorn retreats to the Wild. There he remains for close to 70 years, learning the ways of the Wild and fighting against Sauron.

Aragorn becomes a mighty warrior during this time and his fame spreads far and wide. In 2956 he meets the wizard Gandalf and they become close friends.

By 3018 he is leading the quartet on their Journey to Rivendell, the much-wanted Ring still in tow. Aragorn remains a true friend to the Companions of the Ring.



**legolas**

An Elf.

Legolas first arrives on his white horse and goes to Rivendell with Frodo and the others, eventually taking part in the Council of Elrond. He then becomes one of the Companions and joins the adventurers on their journey.

Legolas is to represent the Elves, and like other members of the group, he fights not only to destroy the Ring but for freedom as well. While in Lorien, Legolas became friendly with Gimli and the two remain close for the rest of their lives.

Years after the War has ended, Legolas takes part in beautifying the ravaged land. Gimli joins him for a journey over the Sea after the restoration process.



**boromir**

A man.

His look and attire resemble a Viking. He is a mighty warrior.

But Boromir's time is centuries before the age of the Viking. Born in the Third Age in 2978.

He becomes a member in the Council of Elrond and later one of the Companions of the Ring.

Accompanying Frodo and the others, Boromir is overpowered by the spell of the Ring and tries to kill Frodo to gain possession of it. Afterward he is sorry, but it is too late.

He is a strong and powerful man, a warrior most of his life. He dies as he would have liked, while defending Merry and Pippin, two of the Hobbits.



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

# The LORE OF THE RINGS

Strange music drifts on the autumnal winds, dimly heard, from far, far away. The fey sounds increase in volume. It is the melody of Middle-earth.

The clank of blacksmith hammers reverberates against glowing iron anvils. Through the gauze of memory, flames, forges and dwarfish figures are half-lit by the flickering fire. The faces are indistinct, hidden by the shadows of time.

A disembodied voice speaks, rich and mellifluous, with liquid tones that lave the ear. It seems to echo down the corridors of centuries, conjuring visions, figures and spectacles from the complex, often violent history of Middle-earth.

It is Gandalf the Grey who speaks, mighty wizard of the Istari. "Long ago in the early years of the Second Age, the great elven-smiths forged rings of power. Nine for mortal men... seven for the dwarf lords..."

Stout, bearded dwarves display their rings.

"Three for the tall elf kings."

Three fine fair elves remove their ringmolds from the flames.

## The volcano on Mount Doom rumbles

The fiercely active volcano Orodruin rumbles and roars, belching thick black billowing shrouds of smoke, seemingly on the verge of erupting.

Deep within the mountain's cavernous bowels, through a glowing rift in its scabrous crust, the bizarre, flame-flecked shadow of Sauron of Mordor gesticulates insamely across the dismal cavern walls.

Its presence more felt than truly seen, the giant ebony umbrage fashions its ring in the hellishly flaming incandescent pit.

Still Gandalf speaks. His resonant, penetrating voice reverberates like the prophetic sound of doom. "But then the malevolent Dark Lord learned the craft of ring-making and made the Master ring..."

"The One Ring to rule them all.

"This is that Ring!"

The Shadow raises the glistening Ring...

The Ring blazes like a terrible nova.

A sinister new star is born.



Gandalf battles the Dark Lord Sauron.



Gandalf, Frodo and a horde of Hobbits grin with glee at Bilbo's party.



mountainside blood-red with battle.

An army of elves and men is engaged in a furious fight with a swarming mass of Orcs on the side of a hill.

Orcs: Evil personified. Hideous, bandy-legged, bestial creatures with dark, dank skins, scraggly hair, bloodshot eyes, and fangs.

The Orcs are shepherded by a great Shadow, whose arm, again and again, strikes like a coiled snake, knocking down and killing many attackers.

Gandalf: With the One Ring, Middle-earth is his! He—Sauron—cannot be overcome! But—he lost the Ring! The last alliance of men and elves attacked him in Mordor...

As the forearm of the shadow-hidden Dark Lord extends itself to strike at the Elven King, a young prince of men leaps forward from the fray to slash at the evil hand.

As the finger bearing the One Ring is shorn from the hand, the prince's sword shatters.

Amputated finger and bloody Ring fall to the ground.

The Ring rolls off the severed finger...

Is captured by the young prince.

Dark Lord Sauron and his minions flee.

The prince holds high the ring in triumph.

Does a taint of evil tarnish the victorious smile?

Gandalf: It was Prince Isildur, son of a mighty king across the sea, who took the Ring. But because he did not destroy it, the spirit of the Dark Lord lived on!

Suddenly—Orc arrows whiz about his head.

A dozen Orcs materialize from the woods.

Isildur remembers the Ring... whips it out... hastily places it on his finger.

And disappears!

Now invisible, he leaps to safety in the river. Though his body cannot be seen, it makes a splash as its corporeal presence displaces water.

Gandalf: But the Ring had a will of its own and a way of slipping from one hand to be found by another so that at last it might return to its master.

Isildur reappears in the stream.

He clutches at the Ring, which has just slipped from his finger.

The Orcs redouble their attack and, as they fire, the Ring sinks from sight.

The Orcs' weapons prove fatal to Isildur and the young prince is killed.

The Ring slowly revolves through the water till it reaches the river's bottom and there it embeds itself in the mud.

Gandalf: And there the Ring lay, on the floor of the Great River Anduin, for thousands of years, into the Third Age of Middle Earth. This Age...



Bilbo stupefies his fellow Hobbits when he suddenly vanishes.







**Bilbo bids farewell to Gandalf.**



Barad-Dur. It is dusk as we dimly view the Dark Tower of Sauron.

Barad-Dur is the Dark Tower of London, the Black Hole of Calcutta, Devil's Island and Dante's Inferno in one.

Here the Marquis de Sade would have shuddered. Torquemada felt ill at ease.

It is the most terrible edifice on Earth! Its drawbridge slowly lowers.

Nine stygian riders on ebony steeds charge out the gate.

Gandalf: During those years, the Dark Lord slowly gathered his powers in Mordor. He captured the nine Rings that were made for men and turned their owners into the Ring-wraiths—terrible shadows under his great Shadow, who roamed the world searching for the One Ring.

### **And in Hobbiton...**

Pyrotechnical pandemonium!

Fireworks light up the sky.

Pinwheels spin dizzily, rockets whoosh through the air, incandescent particles form phosphorescent fantasies of birds, butterflies, boats, mountains, trees: cascades of coruscation create white falls of light; peacocks spread feathers of fire; volcanoes erupt, towers of jewels scintillate, brilliant dragonflies hum and thrum through the smoky air...

For the finale: the biggest, the best, the hobbitingianest explosion of all: a full-blown dragon is born from a firework's womb with a boom that echoes throughout the Shire. The beast of brimstone swoops low over the hobbits' cherubic countenances... flames flare

from its snorting nostrils... it executes a somersault in mid-air... then hurtles into a hail of sparkling flecks with a thunderclap to rival the belch of the God of War.

While the great aerial fire-show is in progress, a dozen hobbits at each of as many tables are dining, drinking, conversing, joking at the top of their lungs.

At the head table Bilbo Baggins rises, leans woozily against a tree for support, and attempts to give an after-dinner speech, trying to make himself heard above the cheers and laughter of the merrymakers.

"I don't know half of you," Bilbo begins, "half as well as I should like, and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve."

A dozen dozen hobbits' heads do double-takes, trying to decipher Bilbo's meaning.

Gandalf, seated with Frodo, is thinking how Bilbo's slyly mischievous sense of humor has changed little over the years.

Bilbo, behind his back, is nervously fingering a golden Ring. And while he does so he continues his pontificating:

"And though a hundred and eleven years is far too short a time to live among such admirable Bagginses and Boffinses, Grubbins, Chubbins, Bracegirdles, Goodhodies, Bolgers, Hornblowers and Proudfoots—"

"Proudfeet!" An old hobbit interrupts.

Unruffled, Bilbo repeats:

"Proudfoots—I regret to announce that this is the end, I am going away. I am leaving."

As fireworks pop in the sky, everyone is left pop-eyed as Bilbo, secretly fingering the ring, disappears before everyone's eyes.

**B**ilbo's livingroom. Night. An invisible person is putting a bundle and a leather-bound manuscript into an open valise. The invisible man—correction: hobbit—becomes visible as he removes a Ring from his finger and inserts it in an envelope. It is Bilbo.

He first sets the envelope on the mantelpiece but then thinks better of it, removes it and stuffs it in his pocket. He whisks about as he suddenly realizes someone is standing in the doorway. Gandalf.

Bilbo exclaims, "I wondered if you would turn up!"

Gandalf: "I wanted a word with you."

Bilbo laughs. "You're an interfering old busybody, but I expect you know best."

"I do—when I know anything."

Gandalf notes the Ring is nowhere to be seen, queries Bilbo about it. Bilbo becomes very defensive. "It's in my pocket," he says as he moves so as to place a table between himself and Gandalf. He begins to pat his pocket nervously, almost losing control. "It's mine. I tell you! My own! My precious!"

Gandalf's eyes register alarm. "It has been called that before—but not by you."

Bilbo is now beside himself. He is shouting: "The Ring is mine. I will never give it away. Nobody can take my precious." To emphasize his feelings, his hand reaches to the hilt of his small sword.

Gandalf's eyes take on a blaze of fierce anger.

He throws back his cloak and takes a step toward Bilbo. His shadow completely enshrouds Bilbo as the wizard seems suddenly to increase in stature and to exude menace.

Is the Shire about to see a showdown?

But Bilbo backs down. "Ah, Gandalf, I'm sorry—I'm sorry."

Gandalf is relieved. He pursues his advantage. "Let it go, Bilbo! It has got far too much hold on you. Let it go! And then you can go yourself, and be free."

Bilbo, confused, covers his eyes with one hand. "Oh, Gandalf, I don't seem to be able to make up my mind..."

Gandalf tells Bilbo to give the Ring to Frodo and the wizard will look after both.

Bilbo ruefully agrees.

That evening, Bilbo mounts his pony and is bid farewell by Gandalf.

Years pass.



After seventeen years, Gandalf returns to Hobbiton.



It is seventeen years since Bilbo left. Gandalf has been gone this length of time, too. Frodo, dozing in his easy chair, is surprised to answer a knock at his door and discover Gandalf there.

They exchange pleasantries. Then Frodo comes directly to the point. "You've come about the Ring that Bilbo left me. The funny trick Ring. I don't know why you always look so concerned when you talk about it."

An intense gleam in his eye, Gandalf admits that it is indeed the "funny ring"—the one that makes one invisible—that he's after. Sharply he commands Frodo to give him the Ring.

Frodo demurs.

"Just for a minute," Gandalf wheedles.

Frodo reluctantly hands it to him, Gandalf holds the Ring up, inspecting it. He asks if Frodo can see any markings on it.

Frodo replies that there aren't any markings and it is a perfectly plain ring.

"You think so!" Gandalf corrects him—and he throws the Ring into the fire!

Frodo cries out in consternation, instinctively reaches his bare hands toward the fire, but Gandalf holds him back. "Stop! Are you willing to burn yourself for the Ring?"

Frodo, calming himself, replies: "I don't... understand why I did that."



Frodo isn't sure that he wishes to be responsible for the Ring.

Gandalf explains heatedly that the Ring is wholly evil. It corrupts and ultimately can destroy all who wear it.

The Ring is glowing in the fire. Gandalf picks up a pair of tongs, stoops and removes the Ring from the flames. He tosses it to Frodo, who catches it with a gasp, expecting to have his hands burned.

Frodo is flabbergasted because the Ring is not even warm. Gandalf explains that the Ring is all but indestructible.

Frodo lifts the Ring in wonder, noting fine lines of fire running around it, inside and out, forming a flowing script.

Gandalf informs him. "The letters are Elvish, but the language is the Black Speech of Mordor. I will speak the words only once."

"One Ring to rule them all.

One Ring to find them.

One Ring to bring them all

And in the darkness bind them...

Look into the fire, Frodo! Look deeply!"

Frodo stares as one hypnotized.

### The Legend of the Ring



Two hobbits, fishing. The voice of Gandalf tells how the Ring was re-discovered as the scene unfolds.

A terrific tug on one of the poles jerks one of the hobbits off the river bank and into the water. Clinging to his fishing rod, the dazed hobbit is dragged to the bottom by a huge fish. He lets go of the pole before he's out of breath and intends to surface when his eye is attracted by something shining in the silt.

The Ring!

The hobbit grabs the circle of power and swims up to safety. Ashore, he rubs the Ring dry and regards it in wonder. His friend, curious, peers over his shoulder.

The friend, Smeagol by name, says that he wants the Ring.

Smeagol claims that this is his birthday so he should get it as a present.

Deagol insists that he has already been overly generous to the other and that he wants to keep the Ring he found.

An evil glint appears in Smeagol's eye.

"Oh?" He makes a sinister sound in his throat. "I'll have that Ring." And at that the treacherous hobbit leaps at Deagol's throat, knocking both of them into the river.

The water boils and bubbles.

Presently, a single hand rises from the river. It clutches the Ring. It is followed by the emerging form of Smeagol, who staggers up the bank, head bowed, and dripping wet.

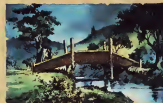
Smeagol wanders away into the woods, staring down at the Ring that has just cost a life.



Frodo and Gandalf confer.



"Sauron knows of the Ring," says Gandalf.



"He will stop at nothing to obtain it."



"Then I must guard it," replies Frodo.



**Frodo looks on as Gandalf scolds Sam for hiding in the bushes, spying on them.**

### **Gandalf's story continues**

Gandalf's voice tells us:

"He used the Ring for thieving and to find out secrets. His own people began to despise the wretched creature, and to call him Gollum. Tortured and driven by the Ring, he hid in caves under deep mountains ..."

We see Gollum—now a death-grey, emaciated monster, his flesh hanging in folds on his body, his huge evil eyes pale with hunger. He crouches, more beast than hobbit, on a little island in the middle of a noisome pond. Bilbo Baggins, on the shore, is trying to find his way out of the cave. Suddenly he sees something shining and picks it up. It is the Ring.

Gandalf's invisible voice: "But the Ring slipped off Gollum's finger too, and so it was that Bilbo found it during the travels with the Dwarves..."

Bilbo puts on the Ring and promptly vanishes. Gollum has a spasm; he runs around like a madman, searching wildly for Bilbo, shouting, "Thief Baggins! Thief! He stole our precious. Our precious—our birthday present! Thief Baggins! We hates it forever!"

### **The Keeper of the Ring**

Frodo and Gandalf walk down a darkening road at eventide.

Solemnly Gandalf tells him that Sauron caught Gollum in Mordor when the tormented creature left his cave to search for the Ring. The Dark Lord knows what Ring Gollum seeks, he knows a Hobbit took the Ring and that Hobbits live in the Shire, he has even heard the name of Baggins.

Frodo is in a philosophical mood. He thinks it's too bad this is happening in his time.

Gandalf agrees that most other persons in a

similar situation would have such thoughts. "But we must make a plan. The Great Enemy cannot take over all of Middle-earth and cover it with darkness unless he possesses the final Ring."

Frodo wishfully thinks maybe the Dark Lord doesn't know where the Ring is.

Frodo cries: "It's all Gollum's fault." He doesn't know what he should do now. He thinks it's a shame that Bilbo didn't kill Gollum when it could have been done.

Gandalf says that Bilbo was too merciful to kill Gollum. And Bilbo was unaffected by most of the Ring's evil because he took over its possession with an act of mercy.

Frodo doesn't know what to do and he hesitates for a moment, thinking about the dilemma he's in—then looks up at Gandalf. Frodo sighs, then says: "I suppose it's my duty to hide the ring and keep it safe. Also... I'm afraid I must go far away from here. So maybe the Shire won't get hurt because the ring has gone away."

Gandalf is surprised and pleased with Frodo. He touches his shoulder, says: "My brave Hobbit, you have chosen the only course honorably open to you. Yes, you must leave here secretly and use a different name than Baggins." He decides that Mr. Underhill will be Frodo's travel alias.

Gandalf turns, as if he hears something. He walks quietly toward a bush and bends down, parting the branches. Hiding in the underbrush is Sam Gamgee. Gandalf grabs him by the ear and yanks him from his shelter.

Gandalf shouts furiously: What has been overheard and why the eavesdropping?

Sam, acting like a child caught doing something bad, replies: "I didn't understand a lot of what I heard, Sir. Maybe I didn't understand most of it... danger, Rings, Elves. It's always been my dearest wish in life to see Elves."

Sam looks at Gandalf and Frodo, his wide-eyed innocence touching Gandalf's heart and bringing a smile to his face. Gandalf tells him: "Your wish shall be granted, Good Sam."

Sam cannot say anything. Gandalf turns to Frodo to speak: "Indeed, you should go to the Elves first—to Rivendell. Tell everyone you are moving away—perhaps to live in Bucklebury with those cousins of yours, Pippin and Merry. However you manage it, do it soon—by your birthday at the latest... I should be back by then. I must go south now, to consult with the Wizard Aruman, the head of my order. Be careful, Frodo."

Gandalf is gone. Sam is still in a daze.

Tears well up in his large eyes, his boyish face reflects the joy that's inside him.



Frodo's long journey begins.



the Road. Dawn.

The group is standing on a slope, looking back at Hobbiton in the valley. Frodo waves a weak farewell to his village. Pensively he says:

"I wonder if I shall look down into that valley again..."

Then he swings around and starts on his way. The others follow.

The Hobbits make their way along the road, joking and singing.

Sam says he can hear the hoofbeats of a horse coming from up ahead. He is the first of the Hobbits to hear anything. He seems to have that extra sense, a way of knowing things before they happen.

Merry answers that he will be glad of some new company on the journey.

But, Frodo fears something may be wrong. "Let's get out of sight." He hurries the group off the road. Pippin starts to say that it could be

Gandalf coming. Frodo insists it is better to be sure first.

They quickly leave the road and take cover in a hollow near the roadside.

A rider approaches but he is not Gandalf—nor friend! The Hobbits are terrified. The rider stops at the spot where the Hobbits were standing only minutes before. He is wearing a great black cloak and is bent and sinister-looking. He walks slowly, turning his head from side to side as if looking for something.

As he gets nearer the side of the road, the Hobbits can hear a sniffling sound. This malignant, black thing is sniffing out the location of the four companions!

Red eyes peer from beneath the hood of its cloak. Black, skeletal claws dangle from the sleeves. It is an apparition from Hell. It crouches, nostrils distended like an animal, searching for something—or someone!

Frodo takes the Ring in his hand and is tempted to put it on. He rubs it and handles it, then wisely puts it away.

The rider is still searching, sniffing.

Finally he gives up his search and limps back to his horse. With a single bound he mounts the steed and is off.

The four Hobbits all give a sigh of relief.



**A Black Rider, sensing that the Ring is nearby, pauses, sniffs the air menacingly, then continues on his way.**



## The loyal companions



The hobbits huddle together in the safety of the hollow.

Merry states that they will continue along with Frodo.

Frodo looks puzzled and asks: "With me? Of course you will. To my new house..."

Merry replies: "No, I don't mean that."

Frodo looks at them quizzically. "The Ring? But how do you—?"

Frodo turns to Sam. "Sam! But you gave your word!"

Sam has a guilty look on his face. He says that they already knew so much of the truth.

Merry explains that Sam didn't blab about the Ring. He had himself seen Bilbo use it to become invisible once when some unwelcome visitors came to call. From then on, he and Pippin made it their business to find out all they could.



"How do you know of the Ring?"

Pippin says proudly that they even got some information out of Gandalf.

Frodo angrily exclaims that his cousins have spied on him with Sam's help.

The faithful Sam explains: "But we only wanted to protect you." He pleads that it was Gandalf himself who counseled Frodo to travel with someone he could trust.

Frodo grumpily replies that he can't seem to trust anybody at all.

Merry tells him that he can trust his friends to stick with him through the worst kind of trouble. But they would never allow him to enter danger alone. That is not the kind of friendship they have.

Frodo isn't sure of what to do or say. He stares at the three, their minds seemingly made up, with looks of determination etched on their faces. Frodo sighs and holds his hands to them. "Thank you, my gallant companions."



The Innkeeper.

Outside the pub in the village of Bree a sign reads: The Prancing Pony Inn.



Inside, the innkeeper, a jovial fellow of stout proportions, is slamming mugs of ale on the bar, keeping his customers happy. There is laughter and chatter and song. It's a familiar pub scene with candles and fireplace and wooden furniture inhabited by a crowd of villagers and travelers who are in for the warmth.

The inn houses an assortment of individuals, Hobbits and men. Merry, Pippin and Sam are chattering and talking. Poor Frodo is tired and seems nervous.

Across the room three men are sitting, drinking beer and looking at the Hobbits with an uncertain expression in their eyes.

Frodo looks around and sees a tall, lean man sitting by himself in a corner. He is in the shadows, his boots caked with mud, his cloak worn and dirty. He puffs from a long-stemmed pipe and when he moves forward to drink his brew, he too is staring at the Hobbits.

Merry decides it's a bit too stuffy in the pub and as he leaves to get some fresh air, Merry warns them not to draw attention to themselves in the inn and give away their secret identities.



Merry leaves the Inn for fresh air.





**Pippin menaced by the Black Riders.**

The innkeeper turns to Frodo and asks: "What did you say your name was?"

Frodo replies: "Mr.... Mr. Underhill."

The innkeeper shouts out the name to the carousing assemblage. The other guests cheer. As we look across the room we can see different reactions from the guests. Some stare back in silence others cheer and raise their mugs in salute; some just look on.

One of the customers shouts for a song.

Someone else yells for a Shire song.

The innkeeper turns to Frodo, and smiling, asks: "Please give us a song, Sir."

Frodo looks at Sam and Pippin quizzically, but they cheer him on. He takes a swig from his mug and leaps to the table. Everyone claps.

"All right," says Frodo.

He goes into his song, a bit nervous but is caught on by the enthusiastic crowd.

Outside the inn, Merry saunters through the Village streets, breathing the fresh night air. Suddenly he senses someone following him.

He runs toward the two dark shapes. They turn and flee but a heavy, thick vaporous mist, like a black, living, gaseous tar, remains. Merry, caught in it, staggers, coughs, and then, collapses.



**Frodo goes into his dance.**

Meanwhile, inside the inn Frodo is suddenly the life of the party. The guests react with wild enthusiasm, banging their cups on the tables, stomping their feet, even joining in the song.

Frodo goes on. He sings silly, rhyming lyrics about a cow jumping over the moon.

Then, in an attempt to imitate the jumping cow, he leaps across the table, landing on the end with a crash. The table jerks upward like a catapult, sending plates and mugs into the air and causing those sitting closest to scramble and fall, knocking over tables and chairs as they do so.

Everyone is in an uproar of laughter. The show is much better than they had ever hoped.

Suddenly laughter turns to frowns as they realize that Frodo has vanished!

They stare in amazement, their mouths dropping open as if suddenly unhinged. The Frantic Pony becomes as silent as a hearse.

**F**rodo becomes visible as he crawls along the floor, removing the Ring from his finger and slipping it under his clothes. The guests' jubilation has turned to anger. They demand to know what is going on. Frodo gets up, muttering embarrassed apologies.

The three Hobbits rush past the innkeeper and into their quarters slamming the door behind them.

They hear a voice saying that they have made a big mess of things now.

Frightened, they spin around. Before them sits the ominous looking man with the mud-caked boots!

Frodo asks the man to identify himself.

The man replies that he is called Strider and is known by everyone hereabouts.

Sam angrily points out that the Hobbits don't know him.

Striders replies: "You have been very careless so far, Mr. Frodo Baggins."

Frodo insists his name is Underhill.

Strider replies grimly that after what has happened here it doesn't matter what name is used. The Black Riders will know where their prey is and be on the way. They know what Frodo carries.

Mollified, Frodo looks at him and asks: "What is your true name?"

Instead of answering Frodo's question, however, Strider replies, "I have been asked to look out for you by a friend... Gandalf."

Pippin demands to know where Gandalf is.

Strider replies that he does not know. The wizard was supposed to meet them at the inn. But there has been no news of his whereabouts. Strider fears for Gandalf's safety.

Frodo despondently replies that they must go along tomorrow by themselves.

Strider is shocked and says they could never get to Rivendell because the road is being patrolled by Black Riders.

His concern is sincere. The Hobbits can hear the pain in his voice.

Strider says with great intensity that he knows secret ways through the wild country and can guide them to Rivendell.

Sam is always skeptical. Begging the leave of his master, he blurts his advice to keep away from Strider. He points out that Strider has already warned them to be more careful and here is as good a place as any to start. How do they know he's not a spy for the Dark Lord? Frodo replies slowly that he tends to believe one of the Enemy's secret agents would come

across with a smoother appearance and a more plausible story.

Strider chuckles gleefully. "You mean you think I'm honest because of my rough looks and blunt speech?"

Frodo tries a polite denial.

Suddenly the door bursts open. Strider, standing behind the door, is hidden in the shadows as the innkeeper enters with Merry.

Merry shouts frantically that he has seen the Black Riders.

Merry tells that there were two ominous shapes hissing at each other. He felt hypnotically drawn towards them.

The innkeeper adds that he understands the trouble these Hobbits might be in. Various strange characters have been spotted in the vicinity, including that mysterious Ranger called Strider...

Strider kicks the door so it slams shut. The innkeeper whirls, staring at him, horrified.

In a soft voice, Strider says that the Black Riders came from Mordor.

The innkeeper gasps.

Frodo tries to comfort the man by saying there will be no more trouble after the Hobbits are gone. Strider has come to offer his help.

The innkeeper blurts out advice to keep away from Strider, a forest-roving Ranger out of the wild country.

Strider's words ring out as he shouts that the Hobbits have no choice. There is no one but himself they can now turn to for protection. The innkeeper surely cannot guide them safely away.





The Black Riders skulk through the village.

### The Innkeeper's promise

The innkeeper promises to do what he can, although he is admittedly a hero. He stumbles over Frodo's real name in his confusion.

Strider requests that the inn staff keep watch for the night.

The innkeeper nods and rushes out.

Strider tells the Hobbits about a hill known as Weathered, just halfway between the inn and Rivendell. Tomorrow they will start for it and Gandalf will meet them there.

As Sam eyes him distrustfully, Strider repeats that there is no other choice.

Strider throws his cloak over his shoulder and puts a mighty hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Don't you understand?" booms Strider. "I could take the ring away from you by the force of my sword right now, if I wished to."

Strider draws the sword. It is broken about a foot below the hilt. His grim expression fades to a soft friendliness.

Strider tells them his real name is Aragorn and he is a son of the great warrior Arwen. He pledges to save them with his life or with his death.

### Dark Riders sniff out the Ring

"Open in the name of Mordor!"

A lantern at the far end of the street emits a feeble light. A distorted voice orders: "Open in the name of Mordor!"

The gates fly open. Three Black Riders trot down the street. They are joined by two others and together they bear down on the unsuspecting inn.

The Hobbits' room is quiet and dark as the Black Riders ride stealthily towards Prancing Pony Inn.

They slink past shops and houses, until they reach the window of the room where the unsuspecting Hobbits are apparently asleep.

### The Hobbits slain in their beds

In the silence of the night the Five Riders stand over the four beds. They march in some other-worldly order and take positions over the beds. A sword gleams in the firelight followed by another and another. They strike the beds again and again slashing and rapping! The swords flash down and across, tearing the tattered mounds under the blankets, shredding the beds themselves.

As a tattered blanket falls to the floor, revealed is a sack of potatoes and a pair of pillows arranged in the likeness of a Hobbit. Snatching the blankets from the other beds, they find the same thing. A trick! Hissing furiously, the Riders storm from the room, tearing it apart.

On the floor of the Common Room, the four Hobbits are asleep on the floor. Their child-like faces seem to glow in the firelight.

Frodo awakens from his sleep and lifts his head to look around him. Aragorn, formerly Strider, is sitting in a chair against the door, staring into the fire, his hand resting on his broken sword.

Frodo falls back to sleep, assured he is safe.



The Black Riders, thinking the Hobbits are asleep in their beds, prepare to attack.



Twilight suddenly sweeps the swampy lowlands as the Hobbits and Aragorn walk single file through the treacherous quagmires. Tiny midges, mosquito-like insects, buzz about their faces.

Frodo asks Aragorn how much longer they must travel through the marshes.

Aragorn answers that it will be two more days at least.

As he slaps at the mosquitoes, Pippin complains he is being devoured by bugs.

Sam wants to know what the insects dine on when hobbits aren't passing through.



Aragorn sits—and listens.

The five travelers are sitting around the campfire close together. The mood is tense and the night is unnaturally silent. Aragorn is speaking softly.

"And Berea was a mortal man, but Luthien Tinaviel was the daughter of a King of Elves, and she was the fairest maiden that has ever walked among all the children of this world. Yet, she chose to be mortal, for him, and when he died, she followed him. And so he was her doom, but her love as well."

Bill the pony abruptly snorts, interrupting the story. They all turn to look, but there is nothing to be seen.

Aragorn removes the longer, burning branches from the fire and hands one to each of the Hobbits, keeping two himself.

Aragorn tells them urgently to stand in a circle close around the fire.

They do as they are told. There is silence.

Frodo is very tense, on the verge of screaming. His hand touches the Ring.

Pippin and Aragorn speak at the same instant. "What's out there?"

Several shadows emerge from the darkness.

Frodo's Ring hand is trembling, as if a great spasm has overtaken it. He shuts his eyes and dons the ring.

Aragorn sees him and shouts "NOT!" But as Sam turns, Frodo disappears!

Five tall male figures stand at the edge of the



Frodo, about to place the Ring on his finger.



Suddenly the Black Riders are upon them

Five sinister figures stand at the edge of the firelight beckoning to Frodo. "Come. Let us guide you to Mordor."

firelight facing Frodo. Their great red eyes stare at Frodo. Their long grey robes and silver helmets, long-swords and evil faces, create images of horror.

Frodo is in the realm of darkness, a realm on the outside of the living, breathing mortal world. He draws his knife.

One of the men moves toward Frodo. He is taller than the rest. He carries a sword in one hand and a knife in the other. His hand and the knife seem to glow.

Frodo attacks without warning, slashing the Rider, who recoils with a scream of rage.

Aragorn leaps over the fire and races toward Frodo, a torch in either hand. The Black Riders turn and flee. Frodo removes the Ring from his finger and instantly, he snaps back to the normal world.

He is lying face down on the grass, however, bleeding from a wound in his shoulder.



Frodo screams as the Black Rider's icy knife plunges into his shoulder.



"Ho, Legolas!" Aragorn greets the Elf.

That barren landscape reflects the travelers' grey mood as they trudge beneath the noonday sun.

Aragorn, Merry, Pippin and Sam are on foot. Frodo, riding Bill, Sam's pony, is desperately ill, swaying to either side.

Frodo is muttering to himself that he is so terribly cold. He feels as if he has been poisoned by an icicle.

Aragorn says that it is the evil, magical cold of the Shadow World. When Frodo put on the Ring he was sucked into the realm of the Black Riders.

Sam doesn't understand why so much injury is caused by a tiny wound.

Aragorn sadly explains that Frodo was struck by a black magic blade. Almost certainly a piece of the knife broke off in the wound and is working inwards. If it reaches Frodo's heart, it will kill him.

By evening, they've reached the forest road. Frodo nearly falls from the saddle but Merry and Pippin catch him and hold him up.

Sam tells Aragorn that Frodo can't go any farther.

Aragorn insists that he must, or else the Black Riders will take Frodo.

Pippin hears something. It is the sound of hoofbeats approaching!

Aragorn seizes the pony from Sam and leads it up the hill to the trees. The others follow. The hoofbeats grow louder.

Suddenly the rider is in view. He's a tall, golden-haired Elf astride a white horse.

Sam is delighted. He's seeing a real, live Elf for the first time!

Aragorn, too, is delighted, but for different reasons. He runs to the road shouting: "Legolas, here we are."

The Elf stops, recognizing Aragorn, and calls out a warm greeting.

He leaps from his horse.

Aragorn urges the Hobbits to come down and meet his friend.



**Frodo, astride Legolas' steed...**



**...on the journey back to Rivendell.**



**Frodo races the Ring-wraiths.**



**Frodo faces the five Horsemen alone.**

## **Next morning on the road...**

Frodo is upon the Elf's white horse, with Legolas by his side.

Arwen is shocked to discover that there has been no message in Rivendell from Gandalf... no word of the wizard at all.

Legolas tells him that Elrond, the King of Rivendell, has sent all his riders to seek Arwen and the Hobbits. Legolas himself had been on the road for nine full days.

Sam, although thrilled at seeing an Elf, lets his frustration get the better of him. He retorts that Frodo has been on the road for much longer than nine days. His poor master is sick and will perish without a day of rest.

Legolas understands Sam's feelings, but he explains that resting could not possibly help Frodo now. "Only the magical healing power of Lord Elrond in Rivendell can save him. Five Black Riders are close behind already and the other four may well be lying in wait at the Ford. Stopping now for even a little while would surely mean the end of Frodo, of the Ring and of Middle-earth."

Tears well up in Sam's eyes and he nods affirmatively.

Suddenly, Frodo awakens with a cry of terror. He looks around fearfully. The rush of a monstrous wind engulfs him. And the group whirs at the sound of galloping horses.

Legolas shouts, "It's the Black Riders! Flee!"

Legolas' white horse leaps forward, but Frodo halts his mount and looks back. He sees a Black Rider on horseback in the cluster of trees. Four others join him.

Frodo is suddenly sick, not only with his illness but with despair and torment.

The Riders start down the slope after him as Legolas shouts: "On! On!" to his gallant steed!

The white horse bolts, while behind him five Black Riders charge in pursuit. Four more wait in the woods, eager to ambush the unsuspecting Frodo.

But Legolas' horse bounds through a ford, carrying the hobbit to safety.

The lead Black Rider hisses for Frodo to return with them to Mordor, and Frodo is powerless. Weak, drawn towards the darksome foe, he musters his waning strength. "I swear by the Shire, you won't get the ring or me!"

Angered, sure of their power, the Black Riders' mounts step angrily forward. Suddenly, there is a roar and a rush of water. The river plunges upon them, sweeping them far downstream.

Then, Frodo feels himself falling. And he neither sees nor senses anything more.



The Wizard Aruman.

## Gandalf tells Frodo of evil Aruman's designs on the Ring

**F**rodo sleeps for three days. Upon awakening, Gandalf tells him of how Elrond's River rose up against the Ring-wraiths, and how the elf-lord healed him before the knife point worked into his heart. "But we have only beaten the Black Riders for awhile," Gandalf warns him. And he proceeds to tell the Hobbit of how he had ventured to Isengard, seeking the aid of Aruman.

To his horror, Gandalf discloses, Aruman, too, covets The Ring. He tells, too, how Aruman trapped him atop the pinnacle of Isengard, where he remained until an enormous eagle swooped to save him.

The War of the Ring has indeed begun.



Frodo, having nearly escaped death at Rivendell, awakens to find Gandalf.



Gandalf





Elrond



Gandalf



Frodo



Bilbo



Gimli



Boromir

## Rivendell the majestic



After, in the Hall of Rivendell, Frodo and Bilbo have a happy reunion and bring each other up to date on past events.

There's a disturbing moment, however, when Bilbo asks to try on the Ring again—and it has a dramatically evil effect on him. Hastily, however, he removes it, and...

Elves, Dwarves, Men and Hobbits retreat to the Council Room of Elrond, to debate the history of the Ring. Frodo learns at last the true heritage of Aragorn—that he is a descendant of Isildur, who cut the One Ring from Sauron's hand. "Then it belongs to you!" he acknowledges.

But Elrond disagrees. "We must send the Ring back to the Fire where it was made—to Mount Doom!"

Aye, but who will take the Ring?

At last Frodo volunteers. And Samwise

Gamgee, perhaps recklessly, volunteers to accompany him.

Elrond counsels: "The Company shall be nine—Nine Walkers against the Nine Riders of Mordor. With Sam and Frodo, Gandalf will go. Legolas shall be for the Elves, and Gimli son of Glóin for the Dwarves. For Men shall go the valiant Boromir and Aragorn. And for the last two, we shall trust to friendship rather than great wisdom: Peregrin Took and Meriadoc Brandybuck may also go."

It is suggested that they might go by way of the Gap of Rohan—but that would take the Ring too close to Isengard... and Aruman. Should they risk the Mines of Moria? Gandalf and Aragorn have been there before and the memory is evil. Yet—there is no other way.

Gimli speaks: "Then it is there that we shall go." And one by one the others give assent.

**The companions are welcomed into the Grand Hall of Rivendell.**





**Gandalf struggles vainly to open the Gates of Moria.**



Gandalf confronts the Gates of Moria. It is early evening.

Everyone has a sense of dread as they regard the mighty sorcerer. Frodo and Sam stare at the stagnant, foul-smelling lake. Frodo isn't sure what it is but something evil is in those fetid waters and he shudders.

Meanwhile, Gandalf employs his best Elvish language in an attempt to open the mighty doors before him. Although he understands the Elvish writing on the door, he doesn't know the word to open the portals.

The ancient lettering reads: Speak, friend, and enter.

Gandalf cries: "Edro! Edro!"

But nothing happens. He pauses a moment, pondering the word Edro which means 'Open' in the tongue of the Elves. There obviously is no effect. Suddenly it dawns on him.

"Mellon!" he exclaims.

Mellon is the word for 'friend' and the only word that would open the door. As if given a spark of life, a great shining light strikes the mountainside, and the doors, lined in silvery sheen, part slowly, inch by inch, revealing the foreboding blackness.

But as they are about to pass through the portals a slimy, green tentacle lashes out from the depths of the murky lake and wraps itself around a frightened Frodo. Sam rushes to the rescue. He slashes the rubbery thing with his tiny knife and it releases its grip on Frodo.

But more tentacles surge from the slime!

"Help! Gandalf, help!" cries Sam.

Aragorn and Boromir join in the attack as the scaly arms reach from the lake. With swords drawn, they slash and rip the arms of doom.

Gandalf shouts a command:

"Into the gateway! Quick!"

After they are all safely through the door, he turns to face the menacing tentacles. As if they could sense impending disaster, they stop for a second, then grasp the doors and pull them shut. They close with a resounding clang, as if the occupants of this netherland were sealed in forever.

Aragorn turns to Gandalf the Wizard: "Do you know what was that horror in the water?"

Gandalf is not sure himself. He replies thoughtfully: "I know not. Orcs are not the only evil, loathsome beings in Middle-earth's hidden places."

**Suddenly, a rubbery tentacle grabs Frodo.**







Gandalf leads the group up through a dark and mysterious passage, his ever-present staff firmly in hand. Gimli is close behind, followed by Frodo and Sam. Behind them, Legolas, the hobbits, and Boromir. Aragorn is last, solemn and fearful.

Other passages. As Gandalf and Frodo march onward they discover stairways and passages leading in all directions. Deep channels and high arches and a dark cavern.

Legolas turns to Gimli and tells him he can hardly believe that even dwarves would choose to live in such a damp, dank prison.

Gimli replies with dignity: "Here was once a mighty kingdom."

On the other side of the huge cave is a well. Pippin seems strangely attracted to it. He sits by its side and peers down into darkness. It seems to extend to eternity. Out of curiosity he drops a small stone into the well. There is an ominously long silence. After some time the stone hits water with a resounding splash.

Gandalf reels around and glares at Pippin.

Pippin tries to apologize but the Great Gandalf tells him to be quiet. In the sudden silence are heard the sounds of tapping—an irregular tapping emanating from the well! No one dares speak. They look at Gandalf. He too is silent.

A wide corridor. Gandalf is leading the group at a quicker pace now, as if his excitement is getting the best of him.

Gandalf now feels he has found the correct path and they will be out of the caverns by nightfall.

Gimli is overjoyed. Even the Dwarves would never return to this place.

Legolas wonders why they came back before. What use were the old mines?

Gimli states that Mithril still contains much Mithril-silver, the world's most precious metal.

The Dwarves had built and rebuilt the great mines for ages. By the end of the Second Age, the Dwarves, in their constant mining efforts, had released the malignant Balrog, or 'Demon of Might'. The Dwarves fled in spite of the wealth that was yet to be mined.

Deep within  
the  
bowels  
of  
Moria...



Gandalf cautiously leads the way.

## The room is large, and filled with skeletons!



Gandalf reads from an ancient volume.



Aragorn and Gimli hear something.



Gandalf: "It's Orcs... and something else!"



large, square room confronts them. The light here is brighter than anywhere else. A patch of blue sky can be seen and the light falls on an enormous slab of white stone. Gandalf enters the room and motions to the others to follow. The structure is an ancient tombstone. Gandalf sees a message inscribed and begins to read: Balin son of Fundin... Lord of Moria...

Gimli realizes his ancestors did return.

The room is littered with skeletons and swords. A great battle has taken place here. Gandalf finds the remains of a book. The rotted, dusty pages contain more of a mystery.

Gandalf says this is the record of an expedition.

Gandalf reads on, the group stares silently, absorbing all that is revealed:

Yesterday Balin Lord of Moria fell... an Orc shot him from behind a stone. We slew the Orc, but many more...

Legolas is uneasy. He seems to be listening for something. Aragorn joins him and asks:

"Do you hear something?"

Legolas says: "No, but I sense great peril."

Gandalf continues reading. It is not good news that comes from his lips. As he goes on, the group can feel the doom and sorrow that transpired in this place.

Gandalf: They have taken the bridge... They are coming. We cannot get out... Drums, drums in the deep... There is nothing more.

Pippin looks up at the Mighty Gandalf and says: "I don't like staying in this place."

Gandalf agrees it is time to depart.

At that moment an ominous sound rings out through the caverns. Like the billowing of a violent thunderstorm, it echoes through the corridors of the mines. Shrieks and the sound of running feet.

Boromir shouts that Orcs are coming.

Aragorn orders the doors barred.

"No," Gandalf insists. The door that leads to the surface must be kept unlocked for their escape.

Boromir presses his weight against the western door. Gandalf moves in and tries to pierce the darkness. He catches a glimpse of something moving—shapes, forms, something evil. Arrows fly through the partially opened door, one hitting the wizard's hat. Boromir leaps upon the door with all his might and wedges it shut.

Gandalf exclaims that there was another creature with the Orcs, perhaps a giant cave-troll. They must flee.

They make their way for the other door.



**The Orcs race into the Mines of Moria, attacking the Nine Companions.**



he western door begins to ease open. Gripped by fear, they all stand frozen.

Their eyes are fixed on the opening door, and an eerie silence prevails. Something is making its way through the door, trying to reach the terrified travelers inside.

Boromir rushes the thing with his sword. Like striking a boulder with a crowbar, the sword bounces back, vibrating.

Frodo springs to life. Furiously, he attacks the thing, stabbing the creature in the foot. It bellows loudly and retreats. Black liquid drips from Frodo's deadly blade, and Boromir slams the door shut once more.

From the other side of the great door the enemy is pounding ferociously with hammers and swords in an attempt to reach the company within. The door begins to shatter, pieces of it falling to the stone floor. A stream of arrows flies through the gaping holes, and an army of Orcs begins to work its way into the room. Everyone takes part in the attack, fighting with knives and swords.

Sam is cut on the forehead but slashes his attacker. Aragorn, Gandalf and Boromir are fighting in a frenzy, slaughtering the Orcs and plowing through them.

The Orcs turn and flee.

A spine-tingling roar rips through the chamber. Silence falls upon the scene, and an Orc chieftain enters. He is more demonic than all the rest, with glaring red eyes and black cloak. He carries a shield that repels the attack of Aragorn, knocking him to the floor. Likewise with Boromir. The fiendish Orc throws a spear that pins Frodo to the wall. But he is not dead! He is protected by his special suit.



**"For the Shire!" cries Frodo.**



**A spear strikes Frodo full in the breast.**

Everything happens so fast after this there isn't much time to react. The Orc is killed by Aragorn and the other Orcs flee once again. The drums continue to pound in the distance.

Gandalf is leading them away from the chamber. As they make their way to the stairs, Gandalf turns and raises his arms, commanding the great door to shut. The Orcs advance and are halted by the door.

As they race for the stairs, they are faced with a narrow stone bridge which can be crossed only in single file. One by one they make their way to the other side. Below lies a deep and treacherous chasm.

From out of the battle and fire arises a Balrog—a spirit of flame, a Demon From Hell! Legolas is the first to see it. He screams in horror! The thing leaps across the chasma, clutching a fiery sword in one hand and a wicked whip in the other.

Gandalf pales. Drawing his sword, he turns to the others and warns them to flee.

But the others will not leave the magician behind. Aragorn and Boromir wait at the end of the bridge while the others seek shelter.

The Balrog has reached the narrow stone bridge and faces Gandalf. It is the personification of evil. Fire rages from its nostrils, its huge hulking form and throaty growls make even Gandalf shudder.

Gandalf orders the horrific creature to step back. He begins a wall-shaking magical oath.

But the Balrog does not retreat.

The Balrog leaps forward, intent on crushing Gandalf. Aragorn and Boromir rush to the wizard's aid, but Gandalf has other plans. He strikes the bridge with his staff. There is a flash of light as the bridge crumbles and cracks, causing the Balrog to fall. But as it does, it grabs Gandalf and together they plunge into the abyss.

Gandalf shouts for them to run.

The rest of the bridge collapses and falls and the sound of drums rises from the depths.

Aragorn calls for the Fellowship to leave with him.

But the group can only stand and stare in stunned amazement.

Again Aragorn commands them to obey Gandalf's wish.

They follow him upstairs and through a wide corridor. Most of them are weeping as they run, for there is no time to stop and mourn the lost Gandalf. Sunlight is getting brighter and Aragorn points to...

**"THE GREAT GATES!"**

The Gates of Dimrill at last! They have not been repaired since the Dwarf colony was attacked while Balin was ruler. But they are guarded by Orcs!

Aragorn, rushing by, strikes down their Captain. The other Orcs recoil and the Fellowship runs past them, through the gates and down the decaying stairs.

As they flee from the mountain they reach sunlight and warmth once again.



**The dreadful Balrog attacks Gandalf.**



**The Lady Galadriel.**

**A**rly evening, in a softly-wooded, quiet glen, the group decides to rest and catch up with what has happened. They are still shaken and sad. It is a time to reflect on the events of the day and to nurse the wounds acquired in battle.

Aragorn notes the Hobbits' sad face and, though the Ranger speaks encouragingly of the future, Frodo says it doesn't matter.

Frodo states flatly that their mission has no hope without Gandalf's aid.

Aragorn says they must go on, even without hope, in the cause of vengeance. Then, seeking to cleanse Frodo's wound, Aragorn removes Frodo's tunic—and gasps, astonished at what is beneath: “A shirt of Mithril armor!”

The potent mail shirt has saved Frodo from the Orc's lance. Without it he'd be dead.

### **The Companions meet Galadriel and Celeborn.**

The travelers arrive at the forest of the elves. Galadriel welcomes them to Lothlórien.

All turn at once to see the beautiful Lady Galadriel, clad in white garments, her golden hair long and flowing. Standing near her is Celeborn, also dressed in white, his hair bright silver.

Galadriel speaks, her dulcet voice assuring the party that their sorrow and loss is shared. Celeborn, Galadriel's consort and ruler of Lothlórien, invites them to stay and rest.

In a glen surrounded by trees, the stars seem unusually bright in the dark blue sky. It is a night out of a fairy tale, warm and somnolent and preternaturally beautiful.

An Elven choir sings a melody that sounds like an old chant Frodo once heard.

Frodo guesses that the song is about Gandalf.

“Yes,” Aragorn tells him that the Elves' names for the wizard was Mithrandir, meaning “Grey Pilgrim.”

Frodo is sad that the Hobbits actually knew so little of Gandalf. In the Shire they were not aware of all his many names and heroic deeds.

Aragorn comments that he believes Gandalf was happiest during his visits to the Shire.

## The Lady of Elves and her all-seeing mirror.



Lady Galadriel with Sam and Frodo. "This is the Mirror of Galadriel," she tells them. It can predict the future and tell the past.



hollow at the bottom of the garden is surrounded by trees. The grass is deeply verdant and makes a vivid contrast to the dark blue skies and bright white stars overhead. In the center of the hollow stands an odd-shaped pedestal like an inverted cornucopia. The basin is filled with a liquid in motion that changes colors.

Sam reluctantly says: "If we've got to go on, I reckon we'd best get it over."

"I know, Sam", says Frodo. "It's time. Yet I hope—I did want to see the Lady of the Elves once again..."

Suddenly Galadriel appears and beckons to them, gesturing toward the pedestal.

Galadriel croons that this is her magical mirror which can show events that have been, events that are and events that could yet be.

Frodo stares into water. He sees a strange land and a mountain, a long grey road twisting out of sight. An old man approaches dressed in white.

"GANDALF!" Frodo cries. "But it cannot be."

Frodo slips forward, swaying toward the mirrored surface.

Galadriel shouts for Frodo not to touch the water.

As if awakened from a trance, Frodo falls back, shaken and speechless.

Galadriel raises her hands toward the evening sky. A stream of light from one of the stars mingles with the Ring upon her finger, Frodo sees and understands.

Frodo realizes that Galadriel is wearing one of the three Rings of Power given to the Elven Kings.

Galadriel says that the three Elf Rings have always been hidden from the Dark Lord and are untouched by him. If Frodo fails in his mission, nothing can stop Sauron from conquering all Middle-earth. Yet if Frodo succeeds in destroying the One Ring, all that the Elf People built with their Three will begin to fade. Time will enter Lothlorien. Frodo is a messenger of doom to them.

Frodo looks up soulfully at Galadriel and offers her the Ring of Power. Galadriel, taken back, looks at Frodo and laughs ironically.

She shakes her head. Galadriel had come here to test Frodo's heart and he offered her the One Ring of his free will. So instead of the Dark Lord there could be a Queen! And though this Queen was not evil, she would be as beautiful and terrible as Sunrise and Sunset. Powerful beyond the pillars of the universe. Loved and desired and feared by all.

She lifts her hand and a great light envelops her. Frodo looks upon her brilliant god-like figure. She lets her hand descend and returns to her Elf-woman shape.

Galadriel knows it is she who has been tested... and she passed. She will accept the fading of the Elven Realm and be true to herself. But Frodo must go.

And so, the following dawn, the Fellowship set out in elf-crafted boats.

**H**e boats are secured at the bank of the river. The travelers, weary from their long journey, are gathered around Aragorn. He must now face the time he has long dreaded. Solemnly, Aragorn asks: "What shall now become of our Company?"

No one makes a move or seems willing to say anything. Aragorn sighs.

"I am not Gandalf," states the Ranger. "I have tried to guide you as he would have done, but if he had any plan for this moment, he never told me."

Aragorn realizes that even if the Great Gandalf were still alive the burden would rest heavily on Frodo's shoulders.

Frodo sighs. This is such a heavy decision. He asks the Fellowship to give him an hour.

Frodo gazes at the group, then heads into the trees. And Boromir cycling him curiously, carefully notes the direction he takes.

Frodo wanders into the woods of Anan Hen and when he reaches a clearing sits upon a stone to ponder what he must do.

As he sits and thinks, he becomes aware that someone is watching him.

Frodo jumps to his feet and shouts: "Friend or foe?"

To his relief, it is Boromir.

Boromir claims he feared for Frodo because the Orcs might have crossed to this side of the river now. He asks if he can stay a bit and talk.

Frodo knows what Boromir would counsel. To accompany him to Gondor and defend Minas Tirith with the Ring.

Boromir insists this is good advice. What is wrong with using the Ring on behalf of justice?

Frodo tells him that the Ring is evil, it can only bring harm. Boromir grows impatient.

Boromir storms that Frodo is an obstinate fool. The Ring only came to Frodo by blind chance. It could have been Boromir's.

Frodo, now frightened by the giant man's words and the determined look, retreats from Boromir. In the scuffle he manages to slip the Ring on his finger and vanishes. Boromir looks around. But Frodo is gone.



**Gollum spies Sam and Frodo.**

### **Sam searches frantically**

Boromir staggers back to his companions, babbling his alarm at Frodo's disappearance.

In a blind effort to find his companion, Sam rushes for the trees. Merry and Pippin run in one direction... Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli in another. They shout Frodo's name over and over. But there is no reply.

Suddenly Sam stops, panting, and stammers: "Hold on now, Samwise! You're too small to search this whole forest. You've got to think... think!"

Suddenly Sam remembers... the boats! He rushes to the riverbank and sees a boat moving by itself—being pulled by invisible hands!

Sam shouts to Frodo that he is coming.

The boat slips into the river. Sam stops at the bank and tosses his pack of food into the small craft. Sam pauses, for he can't swim, but Frodo is more important! Then, desperately, he leaps from the shore—and misses the boat! Panicking, Sam splashes and kicks. His tiny body reaches the surface. He's spluttering and spitting water, reaching for the air. Then he hears Frodo's voice: "Sam, you found me."

Sam shouts for Frodo to save him.

Suddenly, he feels invisible fingers grasp his own. He's pulled safely into the boat. Still squirming he nearly capsize the craft. Then, Frodo removes the golden Ring from his finger and materializes, steadying the shaky boat. He picks up the paddle and starts to row.

On the river, a log floats behind the two adventurers. And something—or someone—clings to that log. A grey, skeletal creature with huge yellow eyes peering from just above the water. Frodo and Sam do not see it.

On shore, Merry and Pippin are surrounded by a band of Orcs. Boromir, rushing to save them, is slain and the two young Hobbits are carried off before the rest of their company can rescue them.



**Boromir demands the Ring.**



**Gollum sinks his fangs into Sam's neck.**



**Frodo rescues Sam.**



**"It burns! It freezes!" shouts Gollum.**



**"Lead us to Mordor," demands Frodo.**

**B**arren Hills are washed slick by the evening rain.

Little can be seen in the drizzle and darkness. Two small figures hurry down a deep ravine. Frodo and Sam.

Frodo is struggling to catch his breath. He thinks how lucky they are that the Elves gave them a rope. They'd never have made it down that last cliff otherwise.

Sam points to Mount Doom looming up through the foggy distance.

Sam sighs about what a fix they are in. Ahead is the one place in the world they least want to see. Yet they are trying with all their might to reach it. He fears they are lost.

Frodo is weary as he answers. He is simply too tired right now to know what must be done. First they should find a place to camp. Maybe tomorrow they can locate a path.

Suddenly those pale eyes appear again. The sound of flapping can be heard along with a faint hissing. Frodo and Sam stop and listen. Gripping Sam's shoulder, Frodo whirls to face his nemesis. But Frodo stops Sam from turning around to confront Gollum. Although Frodo had long suspected it, Sam is shocked to realize that they are now being followed by the creature Bilbo took the Ring from.

Frodo is now sure that Gollum has been following them since Moria.

Sam wraps his Elven-cloak around Frodo and they hide in the shadows of the cliff. Frodo cautions him to be careful: "Gollum may be more dangerous than you would think."

Gollum's figure is skeletal, with long fingers and flat feet. He clings easily to the cliff face and slithers around rocks and terrain.

Gollum, perched a few feet above Sam's head, seems to sense he's being stalked. He moves cautiously down the cliff. Suddenly Sam leaps and knocks Gollum to the ground.

Sam shouts that he's caught the spy. But Gollum is stronger than Sam reckoned. Soon it is Sam who is captured tightly in the grip of Gollum. Frodo comes to the rescue.

Frodo orders Gollum to let Sam up or he will cut his throat.

Frightened, Gollum slithers away, groveling and whimpering. Sam gets up.

Gollum pleads with the Hobbits not to hurt him. He starts to mumble wildly about his precious...his precious Ring. He promises to obey the Hobbits if they will not hurt him. And again he drifts off into incoherent blissing.

Frodo agrees not to hurt Gollum. But he cannot let him go either. Gollum must come along with them and give them his best help along the grim way to Mordor.

Gollum grovels fawningly.



Gollum hisses out an inquiry about where the Hobbits are going in this harsh, forbidding land of barren rocks and crags.

Frodo assures Gollum they all know that Mordor is the destination. He commands Gollum to lead them into the Dark Kingdom.

Gollum shakes his fist and falls to the ground, sobbing. He is terrified. "Yeaggh, arrgh," he cries.

As he continues his moans and groans it is evident that he is also eyeing Sam and Frodo, watching for their reaction of sympathy or pity. This is indeed a cunning creature!

Frodo tells Sam to tie one end of the Elves' rope to Gollum's ankle in order to secure him as they proceed.

Gollum gives way to utter desperation. He begins to scream and thrash around.

Struggling, Sam ties the rope loosely around Gollum's foot. Frodo touches his sword to Gollum's throat. As soon as Sam has the rope

in place and the knot tied, Gollum begins to shriek as if in agony: "Arrghh. Help, help. It freezes me. Oooh. Take it off."

Frodo wants to know what promise Gollum can give them that would be worth anything.

Gollum is still twisting and complaining when suddenly his eyes grow wide as he's struck with an idea. His tone is mild.

Swearing by his given name, Smeagol, Gollum promises to be very good. He swears never to let the Dark Lord get the Ring. He will serve it at all costs.

Frodo shows Gollum the Ring and commands him to take his oath by it.

Gollum enthusiastically promises. He swears loyalty to the bearer of the Ring.

Frodo tells Sam to remove the rope from Gollum. Sam doesn't trust the creature. Nonetheless, he obeys Frodo.

Gollum tells them to follow him. He claims to know a secret, easier way across the bogs.



**The Orcs prepare for battle.**

The setting sun smites the towers of Isengard. Orcs are preparing for battle, nervously pacing to and fro.

On the steps of the tower of Orthanc stands Aruman, directing the preparation, giving orders, waving his arms. The malevolent Worm-tongue is at his side.

At a command from Aruman, a trumpet blasts and the Orcs, trolls and Wild Men close in to listen to his orders.

The light from many torches illuminates his face. His voice is soothing and seductive. He announces that their time of victory is here.

This declaration is met with shouting and cheers. The very walls seem to shake.

Aruman declaims that King Theoden's hundreds will face this army of tens of thousands. And when their old enemy Rohan is defeated, then they will march East, crushing all of Middle-earth to the Dark rule. They cannot be defeated in their might.

The armies burst into uncontrolled cheering and chanting. Their frenzy reaches hysterical heights as horns trumpet throughout the land. The gates are thrown open and the armies march out on their assault of death.

**T**he Ranger Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli have pursued the Orcs that kidnapped Merry and Pippin for hundreds of miles. Allied with Eomer and the gallant Riders of Rohan, they defeat the Orc horde, only to discover that Merry and Pippin have already escaped. They follow their tracks into the forest.

Legolas says he has no doubt they were here but he cannot understand where they have gone off to.

Aragorn is baffled by the other marks. He has never seen anything like them.

Suddenly Gimli gives a cry of alarm.

They turn to see the old man in grey hobbling toward them.

Gimli believes the old man is Aruman in disguise and yells for the Elf to shoot before the evil wizard can bewitch them.

The old man continues to approach.



Gimli excitedly cries for Legolas to shoot an arrow into the old man.

But Aragorn turns and asks his name.

The old man pauses, and laughs softly. "My name...? Have you not guessed it already? You have heard it before, I think. And so have the two young Hobbits you are tracking. Yes, I said Hobbits! They were here, you know. They met someone they did not expect."

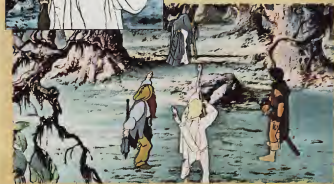
The Old Man springs upon a rock and turns to face them. He is suddenly tall and majestic, no longer the crouched old character he was. The rags slip away and the gleaming white garments shine brightly. He lifts his hands and Gimli's axe falls from his grasp.

Aragorn cries out as he recognizes Gandalf. The wizard is majestically alive beyond all hopes. Aragorn is greatly puzzled and full of questions about what happened to Gandalf after the battle.

Aragorn's eyes are filled with tears. Gandalf lifts him to his feet and replies: "I am back now. Will you come with me to Edoras, my friends—to the city of the Riders?"

Aragorn doesn't understand why Gandalf would be willing to leave Frodo and Sam in order to go to Edoras. But Gandalf assures him that the Hobbits are in no danger. Now the great danger is to Edoras. Aruman's Orcs will attack there within forty-eight hours and only they can help King Theoden. They must go there at once.

Legolas replies: "We will go where you lead us. But how fared you with the Balrog?" Gandalf declares: "Name him not!"



Thinking that Aruman is approaching, Gimli orders Legolas to shoot at the old man.



The plains near Edoras are crowded with horsemen as Gandalf, Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli ride to Theoden's castle.

Theoden is a man, the King of Rohan.

In Theoden's Castle, the King is seated upon his throne with Grima Wormtongue at his side. He is called Wormtongue by the people because of the evil counsel he gives the King.

The castle is both gloomy and intriguing. Shafts of sunlight fall through the windows. On the wall are tapestries richly embroidered with many battles scenes. The pillars of the roof are carved and painted and inset with gold. In the midst of the great hall a fire burns.

King Theoden sits on his throne, looking old and weary, and Wormtongue sits on the step just below him. Wormtongue is suddenly aroused when he sees Gandalf and his companions enter the hall.

Gandalf announces that he has returned with vitally important news. Stormy forces are assembling and it is a moment for all friends to stand with each other.

The King rises slowly. It's obvious he was a tall, strong man in his younger days.

Theoden does not welcome Gandalf here. He feels that the only news Gandalf ever brings is bad news. He just doesn't want to be disturbed by any troubles.

Wormtongue starts complimenting the aged



**"I counsel the King!" warns Wormtongue.**

King for his fine judgement. He advises the King to remain neutral between the forces of the Dark Lord and the deceits of Lothlorien.

Gimli, annoyed at this slight to the kingdom of Galadriel, starts for him but Gandalf holds the dwarf at bay.

Wormtongue continues to berate the wizard and pump false fears into the monarch. He boasts that Theoden will listen to the advice of no one but him.

Gandalf defiantly counters that King Theoden is being given dastardly false advice by Grima. The King is letting black magicians and Orcs do whatever they want to in his monarchy.

**"Theoden rules only because Arwen is kind to old men," Gandalf counters.**



The King insists he remains his own man as he always was. He admits that Wormtongue often advises him not to act warlike with Aruman.

Wormtongue interrupts, reminding Theoden that he hasn't been well and shouldn't tire himself out.

Bitterly Theoden continues, recalling that Grima's counsel is for him to seek peace with his enemies, no matter how much he hates them.

Gandalf accuses Grima Wormtongue of being an agent for Aruman. He states that he has seen Wormtongue at Isengard.

Gandalf raises his staff. With a peal of thunder, the sun goes dark. The fire dies and the Great Hall is plunged into darkness.

There is a flash of lightning from the tip of Gandalf's staff and Wormtongue sprawls on the floor, face down.

Slowly Theoden says that Grima is often at Isengard with messages sent by the King.

Gandalf says that Wormtongue returns to put Aruman's poison in the King's ears, words that make Theoden ever sicker and older by chilling his spirit.

Theoden ruefully asks his adviser if these charges can be true.

Wormtongue does not answer. His face contorts, he bares his teeth, suddenly spitting at the King's feet! He turns and flees from the hall. The guards stop him but the King says: "Let him out of my sight."

The tall, young woman who has been standing behind the throne, comes to the King to support him. But he refuses and presents her to Gandalf.

"This is Eowyn, daughter of my sister. My only loyal relative since her brother disobeyed my commands."

Gandalf reminds him that the commands disobeyed came from Wormtongue. If Eomer hadn't rebelled the entire war against Mordor might already be lost.

Theoden wants to know what Gandalf thinks he should do.

The King has undergone a dramatic change. His voice is stronger and he stands erect.

Gandalf's plan is that instead of waiting in the palace for Aruman to attack, every fighter in the kingdom should go at once to the old fortress of Helm's Deep. Aruman will undoubtedly learn they have gone there. He will besiege them while Gandalf goes to find Eomer and the Riders of Rohan to attack Aruman from behind.

Theoden stands straight and tall, looking young once more. He commands that his armor be brought.



**The splendor and terror of Helm's Deep.**



Helm's Deep reflects the moonlight. Its Deeping Wall is wide enough to allow four men to walk abreast and Gimli is leaning against its parapet. Legolas is sitting, toying with his bow, staring wistfully into the gloom.

Gimli says that he likes this fortress because of its tough rock, as if the world had strong bones here.

Suddenly there is a sharp clap of a thunder and a flash of light. A soldier cries out in alarm: "The enemies."

Aragorn dashes to the wall. There is another flash and for a split second the hills are alive with Orcs.

Rohirrim, racing ahead of the enemy, is allowed to enter the gates.

Whenever there is a flash of light, thousands of Orcs can be seen storming the Deeping Wall, their Black Shields with the White Hand of Aruman visibly outlined. A steady barrage of arrows strikes the fortress, and grappling hooks are constantly being thrown to the top of the wall. As fast as Rohirrim can cut the ropes, more appear. Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli fight alongside the defenders, knocking over assault ladders, sending Orcs crashing to the stones below.

Gimli leaps down from the wall and sees dozens of Orcs swimming through the culvert, making their way behind the wall. Gimli charges them with his axe, and others come to his aid. Orcs are falling dead while others flee screaming.

he Hornblower in silhouette against the pre-dawn sky. Behind the walls, Aragon is surrounded, fighting for his life. Legolas, down to his last arrow, is perched at the top of the stairs. Aragorn slowly backs up the stairs, fighting off Orcs. Suddenly Legolas yells, "Now, Aragorn! Now!"

Aragorn turns, looking for the shot. But an attacking Orc is moving upon him. Legolas shoots his last arrow, striking the Orc's head. A cry echoes, still, from several scattered soldiers.

fortress, Araton spins on the floor. He is bleeding and weak, but unconquered.

The Orcs continue to batter the wall without respite but the wall and fortress remain impregnable.

The Orcs launch as trumpets blow, followed by a shattering crash. The great wall shatters. When Araton looks up at his Chieftains, he is wide-eyed. There is a shout from the King. The king in his armor, mounted on a white horse. In his hand is a long sword. On his arm rose a bright pattern, the King.



Theoden asks if there is any word of Gandalf.

Aragorn rises slowly and bows his head. He can find no words.

Theoden says he will not be cut down here like an old wolf in a snare. When the sunrise comes, he intends to sound the royal horn and ride out in one last daring cavalry charge. He invites Aragorn to ride with him to a worthy death.

Aragorn smiles grimly in agreement. They look at each other but say nothing. Their hearts too full to speak.



**Orcs freeze in fear at sight of Eomer.**

The fortress gates are still shut tightly. Though it is now daylight, the Orcs still have not breached the fortress walls. The defenders are fighting back, but the attack grows worse. Finally a massive explosion rocks the walls and the gate comes crashing down. The Orcs cheer and rave as they prepare to pillage and plunder.

Then, from the Hornburg tower, comes a frightful warning: the sound of the war-horn. The Orcs fall silent and fearful, even in their moment of glory. The echo of the horn fades in the hills, and is answered by trumpets blowing in the distance. The sound is fierce and draws nearer.

The Rohirrim chant: "Theoden King! Theoden King! Theoden King! The King, the King!"



**Spears raised on high, ready for the kill, the ugly Orcs attack.**

With that shout Theoden comes. He charges with Aragorn at his right hand and his bravest companions close behind. They race through the gates, cutting a swath to the dike. The Orcs cannot stand before them.

Theoden has gone berserk. A changed man from the old, tired king he once was under the influence of Wormtongue. He slashes and swings his sword and almost single-handedly drives back the Orcs. Although the Orcs are greater in number, the king attacks with such insensate fury that the entire army retreats in terror to the dike!

Suddenly Theoden rears his horse to a halt and stares ahead in amazement. Aragorn and his men do likewise. The country below has changed. From a rolling green sward it has become a forest of vast and ancient trees. So thick are they that they bar the way of the hosts of Aruman.

Theoden is fascinated by this magical metamorphosis. He cannot believe what he sees. He looks to the West and his expression changes from wonder to joy. He raises his sword in salute. He shouts: "Gandalf!"

A Rider Clad In White, his bright suit shining in the sun, raises his sword in answer. War horns blaze in triumph.


Theoden shouts in joy: "Eomer!"

Gandalf gallops down the slope, at the side of valiant Eomer. Behind them follows the company of Rohirrim.

Aruman's forces are caught between King Theoden, Gandalf and the silent trees. Many of the Wild Men fall prostrate and are spared. But others flee blindly, screaming as they race towards the forest.

When the forest swallows up the last of them, no sound is heard. There is only an eerie crackling of branches and boughs, and a distant murmur of wordless screams.

## In the mountains of Mordor...

aylight streams like shadows into the Mountain of Mordor.

The peaks are jagged and ominous. There are huge buttresses and broken hills. The place is desolate and forloding. Nothing lives here. It is a domain of death.

The pools are choked with ash and mud. There are mounds of powdered rock, blasted into fine dust by wars and hattle and evil. Great poisonous pools of stagnant water and fire-blasted earth are all that remain. The land is dead, beyond all healing.

Gollum makes his way between the ash pits. Frodo and Sam, behind him, do not move. They stare at the desolation.

Frodo tells Sam that they can't be more than another day or two from the mountains.

Sam answers that it's a good thing their journey is almost over, because they are running short of food and have only enough left to get them to Mount Doom. Afterwards, who knows.

Frodo sighs as he tells Samwise Gamgee how much their long friendship has meant to him. Who cares about afterwards! Frodo's only thought is to get the Ring into the Fire. The Ring weighs heavily on him now, it is almost

unbearable.

They look at each other. Sam smiles, Frodo takes him by the hand.

Gollum returns, clutching at Frodo's cloak. He urges: "Hurry up! This is a terrible place for Hobbits to rest. Ring-wraiths could get us. Orcs could get us. We must go to my safe, secret place. There's a Straight Stair and then a Winding Stair. It goes up through the dangerous mountains safely. Follow me now."

Sam is still suspicious and wants to know what comes after this Straight Stair and Winding Stair.

Gollum tries to give them his most innocent look and answers merely that they shall see...

Without a word, Frodo and Sam slowly rise and follow Gollum to Mordor.

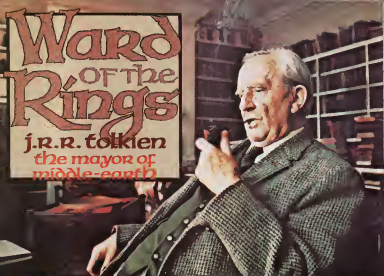
## SO TOO ENDS THE FIRST GREAT TALE OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS



Gollum guides the trusting Hobbits

# Ward of the Rings

J.R.R. Tolkien  
the mayor of  
middle-earth



**H**e was born in 1892, on January 3rd, in South Africa, in the capital of the Orange Free State, Bloemfontein.

In a Bournemouth hospital in England, of pneumonia aggravated by a stomach ulcer, he died on September 2nd, 1973.

Ironically, less than a week before his death he had remarked to his last servant, "I feel on top of the world!" And, indeed, at eighty-one, he was.

He had created a legend for his time and become a legend in his time.

The gestation period of his chief d'oeuvre, "The Lord of the Rings", was twelve years. In his biography of Tolkien, "Architect of Middle-earth", Daniel Grotta observes that it is impossible to estimate how many people have read the work since it was published, "but it seems safe to say that the trilogy is among the most

popular works of fiction written during this century. Even today, more than twenty years after publication, it continues to sell extraordinarily well, and is bound to attract still more admirers as it becomes available in other languages.

"The work has inspired ballets, operas, and musical suites; scholarly analyses and criticism; would-be imitators and continuers of hobbit tales; serious attempts to expand and popularize the Elvish languages; Tolkien societies, clubs, and magazines; untold thousands of sketches, drawings, and paintings of Middle-earth characters and scenes; and at least fifteen published books on Tolkien and his mythology."

John.

Ronald.

Remel.

... Tolkien, was his full name.

Pronounced: Toll-key-en.

Germanic in origin, roughly meaning an individual characterized by a propensity for acting courageously first and considering the rashness of the act afterward; someone accepting a challenge with little reckoning for the possibly unfelicitous consequences.

In perhaps an unflattering word, "foolhardy".

Such as, relatively late in life, commencing to compose a literary odyssey longer than "War and Peace", bound to be a publishing disaster (if indeed a publisher "tolkien enough"—i.e., foolhardy enough—to publish it could be found). The London Sunday Times magazine characterized it as a book for the adult market, at an adult price, which continued the story of "The Hobbit", which was a children's book; running to three volumes, with five learned appendices, containing stretches of verse and samples of imaginary lan-



gauges in imaginary alphabets; and, a damning feature, with only the most slender thread of a "romantic interest".

Rayner and Sir Stanley Unwin are names that shall live in fancy for it was this son-father pair who risked financial loss on the professor'smeister-week. When Rayner, the son, first read the manuscript, he considered it a brilliant gem, but his business acumen cautioned him that the publication of the volume could very easily result in financial failure.

Rayner was not authorized to take a risk on behalf of the company of the monetary magnitude involved, so he cabled his father, who was abroad at the time.

To Sir Stanley's eternal credit he cabled back a reply that should be preserved in the Museum of Imaginative Literature:

**IF YOU THINK IT A WORK OF GENIUS THEN YOU MAY LOSE £1000**

3,500 copies of "The Fellowship of the Ring" would be printed in 1954.

3,250 copies of "The Two Towers" would constitute the edition in 1955.

3,000 of "The Return of the King" would be published in 1956.

Instead, history records that, after the unanticipated sales of the first book, the second and third volumes were released the following year—and in greater rather than diminished quantities.

Middle-earth had been given birth and the burgeoning of a legend would astound the world in the lustrous and decades to come.

It's a pity that fame brought this essentially private man such an invasion of his privacy.

The public descended on him like a plague of Orcs.

His correspondence became a mailstorm when letters from all over the world began arriving at the rate of approximately a thousand a month, with requests—sometimes insensitive

demands—that were impossible to comply with.

There are a million things that could be said about J.R.R. Tolkien (his third given name, Renel, means "God's friend" in ancient Hebrew . . . he was an arachnidophobe—spider-fearer—from an early age . . . before he was ten he had invented several languages . . . etc., etc.) and most of them are contained in the books by Humphrey Carpenter and Daniel Grotton.

Carpenter reports in part: "He is slightly less than the average height—not much, but just enough to be noticeable.



**J.R.R. Tolkien  
Lord of the Imagination.**

"Much of the time he does not speak clearly.

"Words come out in eager rushes.

"Whole phrases are elided or compressed in the haste of emphasis.

"Often his hand comes up and grasps his mouth, which makes it even harder to hear him.

"He jams his pipe between his teeth, speaks on through clenched jaws.

"His clothes are a little rumpled, but they sit well on him, and though he is in his seventy-sixth year there is only a suggestion of tubbiness behind the buttons of his coloured waistcoat."

How to account for the enduring popularity of *The Lord of the Rings*? The good doctor's own son Michael of-

fers an educated opinion:

"To me at least, there is nothing mysterious behind the scale and extent of the appeal of my father's writing: his genius has simply answered the call of people of any age or temperament most wearied by the ugliness, the speed, the shoddy values, the sick philosophies which have been given them as dreary substitutions for the beauty, the sense of mystery, excitement, adventure, heroism and joy without which the very soul of man begins to wither and die within him."

As the early Lord of Fantasy (Abraham Merritt) before him, Tolkien enchanted with his word wizardry.

He lead us by the hand and heart back to the childhood innocence of Peter Pan and Wendy, of good overcoming evil.

He inspired an elemental folk-courage that conquered fear.

He bequeathed us the vivid miracle of his fantasies.

He constructed a Yellow Brick Road, Alternate Route, to a Middle-earth far removed from Edgar Rice Burroughs' creation of Pellucidar or L. Frank Baum's Oz, but as surprising and exciting in its own endearing way.

He dark-dreamed of phantom forms and netherworld haunts; harnessed his nightmares, then led them through prickly pastures.

He opened the door to his dreams and made us privy to their breathtaking beauty.

He shone his light on shining realms . . .

Minted fresh myths . . .

Unlocked the lure and lore of legends that will live forever in the heart of humanity.

He gave us the words, and the words were good, and rich, and ripe, and warm, and fecund; and, seedlike, they became rooted in the soil of the soul, the spirit of imagination. And flowered forth.

J.R.R. Tolkien, English don, Middle-earth magus, left a magnificent treasure to the entire human race.

# Zaentz Preserve Us!

## the producer of Lord of the Rings

**S**tanley "2001" Kubrick was planning to shoot it as a live-action saga.

Walt Disney spent years blocking it out as an animated motion picture.

Yet both of these superb filmmakers ultimately gave up on LORD OF THE RINGS. It was just too big a project, too difficult to shoot.

Enter Saul Zaentz, Chairman of the Board of the Northern California-based Fantasy Films. A Tolkien fan, the white-bearded New Jersey native was determined to bring this first novel of the classic trilogy to the screen. Failure would have put him in some illustrious company—but Zaentz had no intention of failing. With a combination of good taste, talent, and nerve, the Oscar-winning co-producer

of ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST spent several years and over \$8,000,000 putting Tolkien's magical tale on film. The result? A fantasy film classic for us all.



Saul Zaentz

Zaentz was a recording mogul when he first encountered J.R.R. Tolkien's Ring trilogy. "It was 1963. A girl in the office asked me if I'd ever heard of it. I said that I had read The Hobbit during World War II, but I didn't even know these others were out." Intrigued, he read them and was swept up by their drama and wizardry. But Zaentz, at the time, was not in a position to make movies. He was too busy producing jazz records, recording the first Lenny Bruce albums, and discovering such groups as Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Then, in 1970, he decided to take the giant step into film.

Zaentz's first picture was the critically acclaimed PAYDAY, the story of a decadent country music star. This modest work was followed by the

# Lord of the Rotoscope

## bakshi's brainchild

**T**OLKIEN AFICIONADOS by the tens of millions throughout the world, for an impatient generation have clamored for a filmization of their fantasy trilogy.

They, for long and long, have longed to see the magic domain of Middle-earth, the modern literary mythological creation, created on the screen.

Ralph Bakshi, director of LOTR, read the trilogy of 1986 and intuitively understood the enormous film potential of the masterwork—but not until 1976 that he, together with Saul Zaentz, were able to act in concert.

During the time United Artists held the rights, Bakshi made annual pilgrimages to the Studio, trying to convince the front office that LOTR should be produced as an



Ralph Bakshi

animated motion picture rather than a live action feature and he should be the one to animate it.

Finally, in late 1975, UA saw the light.

Hallelujah!

Bakshi's first move after gaining Studio acceptance for his long-fought-for dream was to contact Saul Zaentz, who was just beginning to see his gamble on ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST pay off and was quite anxious to become involved with the legendary classic.

"From the beginning of the epic project I was keenly conscious," Bakshi said, "that I bore a special responsibility in the handling of the film. A responsibility to the memory of the legend's creator, to his family... and to the legions of admirers of the work."

"Millions of Tolkien fans would be automatically suspicious of any Hollywood attempt to produce THE RINGS, ready to ring the neck, exile to Mordor or send over the Sea

## blockbuster ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST.

Then, after everyone else had found Lord of the Rings unfilmable—

Zaentz took on the challenge.

There was never any question in the producer's mind how the film should be made. "It had to be an animated feature. Not a cartoon," the frank, enthusiastic Zaentz is quick to point out.

Given the awesome scope of the project, there was never any doubt as to who should head the animation. It had to be Zaentz's old friend Ralph Bakshi.

With his heart and energies devoted to film in general and animation in particular, what does the future hold for Zaentz? Immediately, there's the sequel to LORD OF THE RINGS.

It's based on the remainder of the trilogy and is scheduled for release as early as 1980. A script is now in the

works and the art will soon be underway. Zaentz is looking forward to the project, especially since one problem they had with LORD OF THE RINGS will not impair the new film.

He said, "At least we know now what the characters look and sound like. Before, we didn't know this and it was tougher writing for them. Now we can let the characters grow and develop farther."

Like Gaudalf and company, Zaentz hopes that he too will continue to develop—in this case, as a filmmaker. Consider-

ing that he has just brought LORD OF THE RINGS to the screen, succeeding where the legendary producers feared to tread, can the future be in doubt?

## Pre-production character and background sketches for "Lord of the Rings."



anyone tampering with the classic.

"So Saul and I, in an effort to forestall any dissatisfaction and to insure an exemplary production, went to England in person to discuss our plans with both members of Tolkien's family and his British publishers."

"We felt morally obligated, in the presence of a work of such world-wide renown and stature, to obtain their blessing, and I am pleased to report we were given a full vote of confidence and a green light to proceed with the project as we envisioned it."

Of course Bakshi realized from the very beginning that, in undertaking to adapt from a literary medium to a visual one, ALL of Tolkien's followers couldn't possibly be pleased, especially those who already had set their own set images in the minds and to whom every word is as sacred as the Ring.

Even though the completed production runs in excess of 2



hours, some cutting and trimming was essential in order to prevent the complex plot from being bogged down in subplots and to keep the multi-character action flowing along like the river Rivendell.

Fortunately Tolkien's long colorfully descriptive passages proved to be adaptable to visual translation.




But rather than quibble over minor details, what Bakshi feels important is that "I have done my best to stay true to the spirit, the energy and the drama of Tolkien's epic."

He is happy to have been able to "live" in Tolkien's domain for 2-1/2 years and feels confident that THE LORD OF THE RINGS will be the highlight of his already extraordinary cinematic career.

But the end is not yet.

LOTR II, the climactic conclusion, is scheduled for nationwide release as early as 1980.

LORD OF THE RINGS is being hailed as a sensational treat for the senses.

And, perhaps more importantly, for the spirit. 

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